

The Test of Life

By JUSTIN WENTWOOD

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She was a nice little thing, but altogether unsuitable for Tom. That was the banker, Charles Routledge's first impression as he looked at his son's fiancée.

There was nothing in the world the matter with her. She was the sort of girl whom millions of American men marry and think they are entering into Paradise. Charles Routledge sighed a little as he played with his paper-cutter.

He did not mind Amy's being what his wife would have called socially beneath them. Anne had been the daughter of a poor clerk when he, just made a partner in his father's banking business, married her. Anne had made their position in the social world, and there was no family in Boston too proud to feel honored at an invitation to the fine house on Leacock street.

No, it was not that. Routledge wondered, thinking of his own disappointment, whether he could make Amy understand. And, after all, it all rested with Amy. Tom was a cipher—a happy-go-lucky, fairly industrious, typical young American. It was the woman who counted.

"So you think you and Tom are in love with each other?" the banker asked, studying the girl's shy face as she watched him confusedly.

"I—I think we shall be very happy," Amy answered.

"My dear," said Routledge, "I wonder if you understand just what marriage with Tom will imply. I—he was unconsciously speaking out of the book of his own life—I wish all girls understood how wholly their future happiness depends upon themselves, and how little upon the men they marry."

"Of course you will be loyal and affectionate; but there's something more than that, Amy. How much will Tom's life become your own?"

"In every way," answered the girl. "I was thinking," said the banker, slowly, "of a man I once knew. He wasn't like Tom in disposition, but all men are more or less alike in ways. Only this man married with that sort of purposive intention that often proves a trap. He thought, 'I am taking this girl to myself, I shall mold her in my own ways, I shall make her everything that I desire her to be.' But it didn't work, my dear."

"You see, a man has to be very faithful to his ideals if they are to work out, and married life is a pitfall for the unwary. He found his wife cold, aloof. They drifted apart. At first he was puzzled to find that she appeared unwilling to share his interests. Then, when it was too late, he came to the conclusion that she, too, had been trying to mold him."

"Go on," said Amy in a low voice. "There should have been an understanding between them from the beginning. Both were to blame, but the woman should have set to work to make her husband's life her own. She erred in thinking only that she was to be the mistress of her home. She should have set herself the task of becoming the mistress of her husband's heart."

He watched the girl's face keenly. "Men want so much more than a home, my dear, and women—often—don't understand. Do you?"

"I—I think so," answered Amy. Routledge studied her again before speaking. "I believe you do," he answered. "And, after all," he mused, "that's the stuff that life's made of. It's only out of our disappointments that we strike the spark of character—perhaps immortality."

"My dear," he said to the girl, "I hope you and Tom will be happy."

He kissed her and watched her depart. And the memories of the past held him so that it was some time before he turned to his work again. How different things might have been if Anne had understood—if he himself had understood—what he had been trying to tell Amy.

But, after all, as he had said, one learned only by experience; one hammered out one's character upon the anvil of disappointments.

The door of his room opened, and Anne stood on the threshold. At the sight of her Routledge instantly became himself again—cool, self-possessed and quiet.

Anne Routledge came to her husband's side and stood looking down at him. "Charles!" she said in a low voice.

He looked up at her. "Eh—what—what's the matter, Anne?"

"I—I heard what you were saying to Amy. I—I think I didn't understand before. Oh, if you had only said it to me!"

She knelt beside him, her arms about him, sobbing.

"Is it too late, dear?" she asked him. "I—we shall be lonely now. I think I always understood in a dim sort of way, but—it's the man's part, too, Charles. Will you help me, and teach me—or is it too late now?"

"It's never too late," he answered, huskily, as he put his arms about her.

Harsher Name.

"How old are you, Uncle Eph?" "Ninety-eight years old, sah."

"You're a fine example of longevity."

"Sah?"

"I say you are a fine example of longevity."

"Yas, sah. Thank you, sah. But when my ole 'oman is hard at work an' I'm setting in de sunshine dat she call me."

Explosion Wrecks Harvard Laboratory



A view of the interior of the Jefferson laboratory at Harvard university that was totally demolished by an explosion which is said to have originated in a gas or oil tank, two men were killed and many were seriously injured.

RECORD SAYS SUNDAY'S GAME NOT UNUSUAL; PALS JUST AFRAID TO PLAY AFTER SCORE WAS TIED UP

Snap judgment accuses and line is rectified. The big leagues are no gers, cool after-thought seeks facts from out of a scramble of jumbled actions and calmly whips into shape the why and the wherefore. Yesterday's scheduled double-header bill with Palatka, ended with the first game tied at the end of the eighth inning, following an argument over a close decision at home plate which would have given the Saints one run lead.

Third Baseman Carter precipitated the wrangle when he rushed from the players' dugout and pushed Umpire Poole. Carter was wrong and the captain of the Saints rectified the mistake by putting Carter out of the game and placing a fine upon him. Umpire Poole quit the game, and the Pals, with their prize worker against the locals about to be sent to the showers, seized the grand opportunity to get out from under and refused to play with another arbitrator.

According to a statement issued to The Times-Union by J. B. Boaz, of the Palatka baseball club, he charges Captain Davies with an unprovoked assault made on Catcher Charley Larzo in the sixth inning. According to the statement of players, the argument was provoked by an expression which fell from Larzo's lips during the talk concerning him crowding the batter at the plate.

The Pals were not constantly "intimidated" as Mr. Boaz states, but the argument in the eighth inning was with the umpire, not with the Palatka nine. Carter rushed from the players' bench, but did not strike Umpire Poole in the face as stated by the Palatka assistant manager. Carter was taken away by players of the Saints and sent into the clubhouse. Cliff Colee and Carter did not engage in a fistfight behind the grandstand. An argument between them at the players' bench was quiet-

ed and Carter retired. He apologized to Poole in the clubhouse and the umpire accepted his apology.

St. Augustine offered to allow the play to continue with Jimmy Brown, former Palatka player, umpiring or to allow a Palatka player to do the deciding, but Palatka refused to play and went for home.

The writer holds no brief for the wrangling which was certainly started by the Saints yesterday, but the game could have been continued (and the Saints were willing to continue it. The assistant manager of the Pals, it is said, made no attempt to have Umpire Poole continue the game nor would he allow the game to be continued under his selection of any other umpire.—St. Augustine Record.

TO STOP COUGHING A summer bronchial cough not only the sufferer but others of the family away.

Barker, 1061 Avondale St., pool, O., writes: "I consider duty to write and tell the Foley's Honey and Tar, for my boy who had been from a bronchial cough for weeks. Foley's Honey and done him wonderful good, always recommend it." and heals.

On sale in Palatka by Haughton Drug Company.

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